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**MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS,**

**PUBLISHED AS A**

**SUPPLEMENT**

**TO THE**

**CONNECTICUT COURANT.**

**VOLUME IV.**

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A PAQUET

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

CONNECTION COURANT

FOURTH

HARTFORD

GOODY & CO. PRINTERS

1855



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

BY JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

Who bleeds in the desert, faint, naked, and torn,  
Left lonely to wait for the coming of morn ?  
The last sigh from his breast, the last drop from his heart,  
The last tear from his eyelid, seem ready to part.  
He looks to the east with a death-swimming eye,  
Once more the blest beams of the morning to spy ;  
For pennyless, friendless, and houseless he's lying,  
And he shudders to think, that in darkness he's dying.  
Yon meteor !—'tis ended as soon as begun—  
Yon gleam of the lightning ! it is not the sun ;  
*They* brighten and pass—but the glory of day  
Is warm while it shines, and does good on its way.

How brightly the morning breaks out from the east !  
Who walks down the path to get tithes for his priest ?  
It is not the Robber who plundered and fled ;  
'Tis a Levite. He turns from the wretched his head.  
Who walks in his robes from Jerusalem's halls ?  
Who comes to Samaria from Ilia's walls ?  
There is pride in his step—there is hate in his eye ;  
There is scorn on his lip, as he proudly walks by.  
'Tis thy Priest, thou proud city, now splendid and fair ;  
A few years shall pass thee—and who shall be there ?

Mount Gerizim looks on the valleys that spread  
From the foot of high Ebal, to Esdrelon's head ;  
The torrent of Kison rolls back through the plain,  
And Tabor sends out its fresh floods to that main,  
Which, purpled with fishes, flows rich with the dyes  
That flash from their fins, and shine out from their eyes.†

How sweet are the streams : but how purer the fountain,  
That gushes and swells from Samaria's mountain !

From Gallilee's city the Cuthite comes out,  
And by Jordan-wash'd Thirza, with purpose devout,  
To pray at the altar of Gerizim's shrine,  
And offer his incense of oil and of wine.  
He follows his heart, that with eagerness longs  
For Samaria's anthems, and Syria's songs.

He sees the poor Hebrew : he stops on the way.  
—By the side of the wretched 'tis better to pray,  
Than to visit the holiest temple that stands  
In the thrice blessed places of Palestine's lands.  
The oil that was meant for Mount Gerizim's ground,  
Would better be pour'd on the sufferer's wound ;  
For no incense more sweetly, more purely can rise  
From the altars of earth to the throne of the skies,  
No libation more rich can be offer'd below,  
Than that which is tendered to anguish and woe.

\* Numbers, xviii.

† D'Anville, by the way, says the fish from which the famous purple dye was obtained were shell-fish : but this is doubted.

DR. CAREY.

WE have to communicate intelligence to-day, which will be received with general lamentation, not only throughout India, but

throughout the world. Dr. Carey has finished his pilgrimage on earth, having gently expired early last Monday morning. For several years past, his health has been very infirm, and his strength has gradually sunk, until the weary wheels of nature stood still from mere debility and not from mere disease. The peculiarly trying hot weather and rainy season of 1833, reduced him to such extreme weakness, that in September last he experienced a stroke of apoplexy, and, for some time after, his death was expected daily. It pleased God, however, to revive him for a little. During the last cold season, he could again take an evening and morning ride in his palanquin carriage, and spend much of the day reclining in an easy chair with a book in his hand, or conversing cheerfully with any friend that called. As however the hot weather advanced, he sunk daily into still greater debility than before ; he could take no nourishment ; he lay helpless and speechless on his bed, until his skin was worn off his body, and death was a merciful relief. His dearest friends could not but rejoice that his sufferings were ended, although they mourn his loss to themselves and to mankind.

The career which Dr. Carey has run, is worthy of most honorable notice. He was a man who stood prominently forward from the mass of the several generations of men with whom he lived ; and both for his private and his public character he deserves to be had in lasting remembrance. He was the son of a poor man, and entered life with a very defective education, and assigned to a business no where in high estimation, and peculiarly despised in this country ; he was a shoemaker. These disadvantages, however, could not repress the energy of his mind ; and it soon appeared that Divine Providence had other work for him to do, than that to which he seemed at first to have been consigned. A thirst for knowledge he manifested, in various ways, from his childhood ; and, just as he was coming to manhood, it pleased God to draw his heart to Himself, which happy change in his character, increased his pursuit of instruction. To understand the Word of God was the first object of his desire ; and therefore he set himself to acquire a knowledge of the ancient languages in which it



was written. Whilst he was yet laboring for his daily bread with his awl, he sought acquaintance with grammars and dictionaries; and he never left them till those compiled by himself had gained, by universal consent, an honorable place amongst the monuments of human learning. He was soon after settled as a pastor of a church in Leicester.

In the meantime as he became more acquainted with the condition of the various nations of the earth, by reading the narratives of voyagers and travellers, he felt great concern for the state of the heathen. So much was he affected thereby, that he resolved to leave all that was dear to him in his native land, for the purpose of preaching the Gospel to the heathen; and in 1792 a society was formed among his friends, and through his influence, at whose expense he came to Bengal with his family, and another missionary, in the end of 1793.

Dr. Carey came to India in a Danish ship, without obtaining the consent of the Hon. Company. To have sought it would have been useless, since the Indian Government were at that time as opposed to the propagation of the Christian religion in India, as if they had thought their own faith to be false. When Dr. Carey came into Bengal, therefore, it was a principal object with him to conceal himself from the Government; and for a little time he occupied himself in the cultivation of recently redeemed jungle lands near Takee, about forty miles east from Calcutta; and here he was exposed to much suffering. A few months afterwards, however, he was invited by the late Mr. Udny to take charge of an Indigo factory, which he commenced between Malda and Dinagepore; and his colleague obtained a similar situation. Through the kindness of their employer, too, they obtained formal permission from Government to continue in India. Dr. Carey continued thus situated from 1794 to the beginning of 1800; during which time he applied himself diligently to the study of the Bengalee language and then of the Sungskrit. He translated the Scriptures into Bengalee, preached the Gospel in it extensively, and supported several schools.

On the 10th of January, 1800, Dr. Carey came to Serampore and united with Dr. Marshman, Mr. Ward, and others, lately arrived from Europe, in forming the mission which has since borne the name of this town. From the Serampore Government, and His Majesty the King of Denmark himself, Dr. Carey and his colleagues, from

first to last, have received the most gracious protection and favor, with whatever jealousy they were in former days regarded by their own countrymen. In the first year of his residence at Serampore, Dr. Carey's translation of the New Testament was nearly all printed; and the first Christian converts from Hindooism in Bengal were baptized. The Christian Church which was then begun with a few individual believers in the Gospel, has now branched into about twenty-four churches in different parts of India.

In 1801, Dr. Carey was chosen as Bengalee teacher in the newly instituted college of Fort William. He was afterwards appointed Professor of Sungskrit and Marhatta, and by this means he acquired an intimacy with learned pundits from all parts of India, through whom, in the course of years, he was enabled to translate the scriptures into all the principal languages of northern Hindoostan. For the students in the college he had to compile grammars of the languages he taught them; and after many years he completed his voluminous Bengalee dictionary. By these means and other works, he soon became known throughout the world as an oriental scholar of the first eminence. He was not less celebrated as a man of science. Botany and Natural History he began to study long before he left England; and India opened to him a wide field of observation, which he examined with untiring assiduity from his first arrival until his strength utterly failed him. In these pursuits he was the coadjutor and personal friend of Roxburgh, Buchanan, Hardwick, and Wallich, and the correspondent of several of the first men in Europe, with whom he was continually exchanging botanical treasures.

As a philanthropist Dr. Carey is entitled to high rank. He sought and gained the prevention of infanticide at Gunga Saugur. He was amongst the first, if not the first, that engaged in seeking the abolition of Suttees, and chiefly through his exertions Marquis of Wellesley left to his successors in the government of India, a minute, declaring his conviction that Suttees might and ought to be abolished. Had he continued in the government, he would have abolished them. Dr. Carey also took an active part in attempting the establishment of a Leper Hospital in Calcutta. He was the founder of the Agricultural Society. And indeed scarcely any undertaking for the benefit of the country has been engaged



in, of which he was not either a prime mover, or a zealous promoter.

It was, however, as a Christian, a Missionary, and a Translator of the sacred scriptures, that Dr. Carey shone pre-eminently. Their obligations to him in these respects the people of India have yet in a great degree to learn. They will however learn them; and future generations will arise to bless his name. All Bengalee at least may thank him for this; before his days, the Bengalee language was unknown, and had never been reduced to grammatical rule. Pundits would not write it, and there was scarcely a book in it worth reading. It is now rich, refined, and expressive; and scholarship in it is generally sought both by natives and foreigners; and to Dr. Carey and the pundits whom he employed, and whose labors he directed, the change is principally owing.

Dr. Carey was born on the 17th August, 1761, and died on the 9th of June, 1834, full of years and honor.—*Sumachar Durpun.*

### THE WEST.

*Extract from a Discourse on the History, Character, and prospects of the West: Delivered to the Union Literary Society of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, at their Ninth Anniversary, September 23, 1834.—By DANIEL DRAKE, M. D.*

THE early history, biography, and scenery of the Valley of the Mississippi, will confer on our literature a variety of important benefits. They furnish new and stirring themes for the historian, the poet, the novelist, the dramatist, and the orator.—They are equally rich in events and objects for the historical painter. As a great number of those who first threaded the lonely and silent labyrinths of our primitive woods, were men of intelligence, the story of their perils and exploits, has a dignity which does not belong to the early history of other nations. We should delight to follow their footsteps and stand upon the spot where, at night, they lighted up the fire of hickory bark to frighten off the wolf; where the rattlesnake infused his deadly poison into the foot of the rash intruders on his ancient domain; where in the deep grass, they laid prostrate and breathless, while the enemy, in Indian file, passed unconsciously on his march. We should plant willows over the spots once fertilized with their blood; and the laurel tree where they met the unequal

war of death, and remained conquerors of the little field.

From the hero, we should pass to the hero's wife, the companion of his toil, and too often the victim of the dangers into which he plunged. We shall find her great according to the occasion. Contented under deprivation, and patient through that sickness of the heart, which nature inflicts on her who wanders from the home of her fathers; watchful, that her little one should not stray from the cabin door, and be lost in the dark and savage woods; wild with alarm when the night closed in, and the wanderer did not return; or frantic with terror, when the scream of the Indian told the dreadful tale, that he had been made a captive and could no more be folded to her bosom. We shall follow her to other scenes, when the merciless foe pursued the mover's boat; or assaulted the little cabin, where in the dark and dismal night, the lone family must defend itself or perish. Here it was that she rose above her sex in active courage; and displayed in defence of her offspring more than herself, such examples of self-possession and personal bravery, as clothe her in a new robe of moral grandeur.

The exciting influence of that perilous age were not limited to man and woman; the child also felt their power, and became a young hero; the girl fearlessly crushed the head of the serpent that crossed her path, when hieing alone to the distant neighbor; and the boy, while yet too young to carry the rifle, placed the little tomahawk in his buckskin belt, and followed in the wake of the hunter; or sallied forth a young volunteer, when his father and brothers pursued the retreating savage. Even the dog, man's faithful sentinel in the wilderness, had his senses made keener, and his instinct exalted into reason, by the dangers that surrounded his playmates of the family.

Were it consistent with the object of this discourse I could introduce incidents to illustrate all that is here recounted; many might be collected from the narratives which have been published; but a much greater number lie buried in the memories of the aged pioneers and their immediate descendants, and will be lost unless they be speedily made a part of our history. As specimens of what remain unpublished, permit me to cite the following, for which I have the most respectable authorities.

A family, consisting of the husband, the wife, two children, one two years old, the



other at the breast, occupied a solitary cabin in the neighborhood of a block-house, where several other families resided, in the year 1789, near the Little Miami river, in this State. Not long after the cabin was built the husband unfortunately died; and such was the grief and gloom of his widow, that she preferred to live alone, rather than mingle with the inhabitants of the crowded block-house, where the noise and bustle would be abhorrent to her feelings. In this solitary situation she passed several months. At night it was a common thing to see and hear the Indians around her habitation; and to secure her babes from the tomahawk, she resorted to the following precaution. Raising a puncheon of the floor, she dug a hole in the ground and prepared a bed, in which, after they had gone to sleep, she placed them side by side, and then restored the puncheon. When they awoke and required nourishment she raised it, and hushing them to sleep, returned them to their hiding place. In this way, to use her own words, she passed night after night, and week after week, with the Indians and her babes, as the sole objects of her thoughts and vigils.

Would you have an example of fortitude and maternal love, you could turn to no nation for one more touching or original.

The following incident displays the female character under an aspect a little different, and shows that in emergencies it may sometimes rise above that of the other sex.

About the year 1790, several families, emigrating together into the interior of Kentucky, encamped at the distance of a mile, from a new settlement of five cabins. Before they had laid down, and were still sitting round the blazing brush, a party of Indians approached behind the trees and fired upon them. One man was killed on the spot, and another fled to the village, leaving behind him a young wife and an infant child! As no danger had been apprehended, the men had not their ammunition at hand, and were so confused by the fire of the savages, that it was left for one of the mothers of the party, to ascend into the wagon, where it was deposited, break open the box with an axe, hand it out, and direct the men to return the fire of the enemy. This was done, and they dispersed.

The next incident I shall narrate, was communicated to me by one of the most distinguished citizens of the State just mentioned. I shall give it to you in his own words.

"In the latter part of April, 1784, my

father with his family, and five other families, set out from Louisville, in two flat-bottomed boats, for the Long Falls of Green River. The intention was to descend the Ohio river to the mouth of Green river, and ascend that river to the place of destination. At that time there were no settlements in Kentucky, within one hundred miles of the Long Falls of Green river (afterwards called Vienna.) The families were in one boat and the cattle in the other. When we had descended the river Ohio about one hundred miles, and were near the middle of it, gliding along very securely, as we thought, about ten o'clock of the night, we heard a prodigious yelling, by Indians, some two or three miles below us on the northern shore. We had floated but a little distance farther down the river, when we saw a number of fires on that shore. The yelling still continued, and we concluded that they had captured a boat, which had passed us about mid-day, and were massacring their captives. Our two boats were lashed together, and the best practicable arrangements made for defending them. The men were distributed by my father to the best advantage, in case of an attack; they were seven in number, including himself. The boats were *neared* to the Kentucky shore, with as little noise by the oars as possible. We were afraid to approach too near the Kentucky shore, lest there might be Indians on that shore also. We had not yet reached their uppermost fire (their fires were extended along the bank at intervals for half a mile or more,) and we entertained a faint hope that we might slip by unperceived. But they discovered us when we had got about mid-way of their fires, and commanded us to *come to*. We were silent, for my father had given strict orders that no one should utter any sound but that of his rifle; and not that until the Indians should come within powder burning distance. They united in a most terrific yell, and rushed to their canoes, and pursued us. We floated on in silence—not an oar was pulled. They approached us within less than a hundred yards, with a seeming determination to board us. Just at this moment my mother rose from her seat, collected the axes, and placed one by the side of each man, where he stood with his gun, touching him on the knee with the handle of the axe, as she leaned it up by him against the side of the boat, to let him know it was there, and retired to her seat, retaining a hatchet for herself. The Indians continued hovering



on our rear, and yelling for near three miles, when, awed by the inferences which they drew from our silence, they relinquished farther pursuit. None but those who have had a practical-acquaintance with Indian warfare, can form a just idea of the terror which their hideous yelling is calculated to inspire. I was then about ten years old, and shall never forget the sensations of that night; nor can I ever cease to admire the fortitude and composure displayed by my mother on that occasion. We were saved, I have no doubt, by the judicious system of conduct and defence, which my father had prescribed to our little band. We were seven men and three boys—but nine guns in all. They were more than a hundred. My mother, in speaking of it afterwards, in her calm way said we had made a *providential escape*, for which we ought to feel grateful.”

Although but few years have elapsed since that night of deep and dismal emotion, the war fires which blazed beneath the white limbs of the sycamore and gleamed upon the waters, have long since been superseded by the lights of the quiet and comfortable farm-house; the gliding bark canoe has been banished by the impetuous steamer; and the very shore on which the enemy raised their frightful death yell, has been washed away by the agitated waters! No where in the annals of other nations, can we find such matchless contrasts between two periods but half a century apart.

In the year 1786, three brothers set out from a wooden fort, in which some families were intrenched, to hunt on Green river, in the state of Kentucky. They ascended the river in a canoe for several miles, when, finding no game, they determined on returning home. The oldest brother left the canoe, that he might hunt on his way back. As the other two slowly floated down the stream, and were at a point called the little falls, they discovered an Indian skulking towards them through the woods. He was on the same side of the river with their brother. After deliberating a moment, they decided on flight; and applying their paddles with great industry soon reached the fort, but did not relate what they had seen. In about an hour the brother arrived, and while ignorant of their discovery made the following statement:

“That has happened to me to-day, which never happened to me before. I had not met with any game, and became tired of walking, and turned in towards the river, intending to meet my brothers at the little

falls, and take a seat in the canoe; but when I got near to that point, my dog sat down and howled in a low and piteous tone. I coaxed him, patted and flattered him to follow me, but he would not; and when I would approach him, he would jump up joyously and run off from towards the river, and look at me and wag his tail and seem eager to go on. After endeavoring, in vain, to get him to follow me, I concluded to follow him, and did so. He ran briskly before me, often looking back, as if to be sure that I was coming, and to hasten my steps.”

The brother was then told, that at the very point where the faithful dog had arrested his march towards the canoe, those who were in it had discovered an Indian. All who heard the story, believed that he had been perceived by the animal, and recognized as the enemy of his master; for as my respectable correspondent adds—

“The dog of the hunter was his companion and friend. They were much together, and mutually dependent upon and serviceable to each other. A hunter would much rather have lost his horse than his dog. The latter was the more useful animal to his master and greatly more beloved by him.”

Nearly two years afterwards another incident occurred at the same family fort, which displays the dangers which beset the emigrants of that period, and illustrates the magnanimity of the female character.

About twenty young persons, male and female, of the fort, had united in a flax pulling, in one of the most distant fields. In the course of the forenoon two of their mothers made them a visit, and the younger took along her child, about eighteen months old. When the whole party were near the woods, one of the young women, who had climbed over the fence, was fired upon by several Indians concealed in the bushes, who at the same time raised the usual war-whoop. She was wounded, but retreated, as did the whole party; some running with her down the lane, which happened to open near that point, and others across the field. They were hotly pursued by the enemy, who continued to yell and fire upon them. The older of the two mothers who had gone out, recollecting in her flight, that the younger, a small and feeble woman, was burthened with her child, turned back in the face of the enemy, they firing and yelling hideously, took the child from its almost exhausted mother, and ran with it to the fort, a distance of three hundred yards. During the chase she was



twice shot at with rifles, when the enemy were so near that the powder burnt her, and one arrow passed through her sleeve, but she escaped uninjured.—The young woman, who was wounded, almost reached the place of safety when she sunk, and her pursuer, who had the hardihood to attempt to scalp her, was killed by a bullet from the fort.

I shall not anticipate your future researches into our early history, by narrating other incidents; but commend the whole subject to your keeping, and hope to see you emulate each other in its cultivation. You will find it a rich and exhaustless field of facts and events, illustrating the emotions of fear and courage, patience and fortitude, joy and sorrow, hope, despair and revenge; disclosing the resources of civilized man, when cut off from his brethren, destitute of the comforts of life, deficient in sustenance, and encompassed around with dangers, against which he must invent the means of defence or speedily perish; finally exhibiting the comparative activity, hardihood, and cunning, of two distinct races, the most opposite in manners and custom and arts, arrayed against each other, and, with their respective weapons of death, contending for the possession of the same wilderness.

#### THE BEST WAY TO BE HAPPY.

NEVER sit down and brood over trouble of any kind. If you are vexed with yourself or the world, this is no way to obtain satisfaction. Find yourself employment that will keep your mind active, and depend upon it this will force out unwelcome thoughts.

Who are the poor? Are they the industrious? Those who labor, provided their gains are small, have generally a feeling of independence with that little akin to the rich man's treasure.

Who are the unhappy? Are they not those who are inactive, and sit still and tell us, if fortune had only thrown this and that in their way, that they should have been far happier?

It seems to me there is a great defect in the conduct of the unfortunate. If we are deprived of ordinary resources, instead of looking round and substituting other things, are we not prone to sit down and mourn what we have lost? This deadens the energies, kills the activity of our natures, and makes us useless drones, when we should be working bees.

Besides this, indolence sets fancy at work,

and presently we imagine ourselves to be in a condition, that we are unfit for work.—We get the habit of observing the change of the wind, we feel our pulses, look at our tongues, and in a short time become regular dyspeptics. Industry then, preserves health as well as happiness.

#### THE SECRET OF GREAT WORKERS.

M. DUMONT, in his 'Recollections of Mirabeau,' the leading orator of the French Revolution, thus describes the persevering industry of Sir Samuel Romilly:—"Romilly, always tranquil and orderly, has an incessant activity. He never loses a minute: he applies all his mind to what he is about. Like the hand of a watch, he never stops, although his equal movements in the same way almost escape observation."

#### DEVOTION OF A GREAT MIND TO ITS DUTIES.

MILTON, the poet of Paradise Lost, who, during an active life in the most troublesome times, was unceasing in the cultivation of his understanding, thus describes his own habits:—"Those morning haunts are where they should be, at home; not sleeping or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labor or devotion; in summer as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full freight; then with useful and generous labors preserving the body's health and hardness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion and our country's liberty."

It was said, with truth, by Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, that he who was ignorant of the arithmetical art was but *half a man*. With how much greater force may a similar expression be applied to *him* who carries to his grave the neglected and unprofitable seeds of faculties, which it depended on himself to have reared to maturity, and of which the fruits bring accessions to human happiness—more precious than all the gratifications which power or wealth can command.—*Dugald Stewart*.

TIME tries the characters of men, as the furnace assays the quality of metals, by disengaging the impurities, dissipating the superficial glitter, and leaving the sterling gold bright and pure.